

The Revelation of J

POEMS TO STRENGTHEN YOUR FAITH

INDEPENDENTLY PUBLISHED
COPYRIGHT © 2024 IPGS PUBLISHING
FIRST EDITION

CONTENTS

- 1 Theocrat
- 2 The Demon's Hatred
- 3 The Damascus Revelation
- 4 Two Become One
- 5 The Fall
- 6 Pentecost
- 7 The Creature
- 8 Judgment
- 9 Divine Dialogues
- 10 Not Ashamed
- 11 The Last Will Be First
- 12 Prophecy
- 13 Sacred Warning
- 14 Unity In Christ
- 15 A Poem According To Mark

- 16 The Christ
- 17 Principalities
- 18 Divine Judgment
- 19 Jesus came to save sinners
- 20 Testimonium Flavianum
- 21 Saved By Grace
- 22 Respect The Prophets
- 23 Salvation In Christ
- 24 The Blessing Of Onesiphorus
- 25 Children Of The Lie
- 26 Immorality In Christ
- 27 Power Of Love
- 28 Foundations In Christ

1. THEOCRAT

In realms of faith, a figure walked the earth,
A soul whose words evoked profound rebirth.
Jesus, a gentle teacher, meek and kind,
His essence, love, the message intertwined.

He spoke of realms beyond the worldly reign,
A Kingdom not of power, greed, or gain.
His words, a balm to heal the broken heart,
A call to live and play a humble part.

Not seeking thrones or wielding earthly might,
But urging all to seek the inner light.
Theocrat? Nay, his mission far more vast,
To sow the seeds of love that everlast.

In parables and whispers of the soul,
He urged to make each broken spirit whole.
Love God, love neighbor—core of his decree,
Embracing all, setting the spirit free.

He challenged norms, confronted those in power,
Yet sought to bloom compassion as the flower.
The Kingdom's reign, a realm within each heart,
Where grace and love in every soul take part.

So, Jesus, not a theocrat by name,
But herald of a love that fuels the flame.
His legacy, a timeless, boundless call,
To live in love, embracing one and all.

2. THE DEMON'S HATRED

Of demons dark, this tale is spun,
A whisper of hate beneath the sun.
For in the shadow's grim embrace,
They thrive upon each scornful trace.

Their hunger fed by anger's flame,
Their home the hearts that play the game
Of bitterness, of spite, of ire,
Their presence stokes the vengeful fire.

Yet heed this warning, lest you fall,
Into the abyss, hear destiny's call.
For those who walk the demon's way,
Shall reap the seeds of hate's decay.

Their path, a spiral, downward bound,
In bitterness and malice drowned.
Their doom, a fate they can't outpace,
Ensnared by hate's relentless chase.

But light prevails in love's embrace,
A force to banish hate's cruel face.
With kindness, grace, and empathy's bloom,
We dispel the darkness, erase hate's gloom.

So let us rise above this plight,
Embrace compassion, make things right.
For hate, the demon's feast, shall cease,
When love and understanding increase.

3. THE DAMASCUS REVELATION

In days of yore, a tale unfolds,
Of Saul, whose heart was bound in chains,
A Pharisee, with zeal that holds,
Against Christ's followers, he arraigns.
With fervor strong, in judgment reigns,
To quell the faith, he took his stand,
But on Damascus' road, in refrains,
A blinding light, God's guiding hand.

A voice resounds, the truth it scolds,
"Saul, Saul, why harbor such pains?"
Struck blind, amidst the dusty plains,
Three days in darkness, prayers demand.
Ananias came, where grace sustains,
Removed the veil, God's mercy grand.

From Saul to Paul, the tale enfolds,
A transformation that ordains,
Chosen vessel, as God ordains,
Apostle to spread His command.
With letters writ, across the lands,
The gospel preached, a noble brand,
A life reborn, where faith maintains,
A blinding light, God's guiding hand.

So let this tale, in memory lands,
A story of change that truth explains.
From persecutor, heart restrains,
To follower of the heavenly band.
In Paul's journey, we understand,
A soul redeemed, where hope expands.
In trials faced and faith sustains,
A blinding light, God's guiding hand.

4. TWO BECOME ONE

In the pages of faith's guiding light,
The verses speak of love's resplendent might,
Where hearts seek solace, wisdom's decree,
In scriptures of truth and eternity.

The Christian path, a tapestry we weave,
Diverse beliefs, in harmony, conceive.
Marriage, twined in laws of sacred grace,
In Scripture's verses, finds its hallowed place.

"Two become one," the sacred words proclaim,
A bond of souls, by love's enduring flame.
Yet queries rise on laws divinely penned,
Interpretations vary, messages to send.

In Matthew's verse, a potent decree,
A plea for unity, from man's decree to flee,
For what God joins, let no man sever,
A sanctified bond, meant to last forever.

Between earthly laws and heavenly sight,
The tension lingers, seeking what's right.
Civil unions' rights, divine rites' embrace,
In hearts and laws, a delicate space.

Through differing views, interpretations wide,
The dialogue flows, faith's truths abide,
For in the exchange of beliefs and lore,
Unity thrives, wisdom's treasures soar.

5. THE FALL

In Eden's hallowed bowers, where truth did reign,
A tale of dark deceit began its subtle wane.
Innocence draped in guise, a child so fair,
Yet veiled beneath, a mastermind, aware.

Satan, the serpent coiled in cunning's art,
Crafted a guise to play the tenderest part.
An innocent child, with cherubic guise,
Concealed the darkness, masked in heaven's guise.

Sweet whispers woven in the purest voice,
Yet poison dripped within, a darkened choice.
With cherub's guise and angel's tender mien,
He wove his falsehoods 'midst the garden's sheen.

His eyes, though bright with innocence's glow,
Held deeper secrets, buried far below.
Beneath the guise of childhood's tender face,
Deception thrived, wrapped in celestial grace.

Entwined in innocence, his words did flow,
Convincing mortals with an angel's show.
He, the deceiver, clad in youth's attire,
Infused with guile, stoked deceit's dire fire.

Humanity, beguiled by this charade,
Believed the innocence the devil made.
Their hearts deceived by innocence's wile,
Yet innocence, a mask for serpent's guile.

So goes the tale of Satan's subtle art,
Deceiving mortals, playing innocence's part.
A child he seemed, yet serpent's craft within,
Convincing mortals, luring them to sin.

Beware the guise of innocence, profound,
For truth within might wicked depths compound.

In Satan's art, a lesson to proclaim,
The innocent facade might hide the flame.

6. PENTECOST

Upon that day of Pentecost's grace,
When heaven's breath unveiled its face,
The Holy Spirit, a gift profound,
In tongues of fire, in rushing sound.

Within the upper room, they prayed,
In unity, their hearts arrayed,
A windstorm wild, a flame's embrace,
Transformed each soul, filled every space.

As tongues of fire adorned each brow,
The Spirit came, as Christ avow,
In languages unknown, they spoke,
God's wondrous deeds, their spirits woke.

Peter stood amidst the throng,
With boldness spoke, the truth, and strong,
"No drunkenness, but what was foretold,
The Spirit pours, both young and old."

"Joel's prophecy, in this hour unfurled,
God's Spirit poured upon the world,
Sons and daughters, dreams and more,
Shall prophesy as days of yore."

Three thousand souls that day were swayed,
Baptized, their lives in faith remade,
In fellowship, they joined as one,
The birth of the Church had just begun.

Through ages past and future's sight,
The Spirit's flame, a guiding light,
Empowering faith, inspiring hearts,
In every language, it imparts.

Pentecost's story forever sings,
The Spirit's presence, the joy it brings,
A testament to God's steadfast love,
Descending like a peaceful dove.

7. THE CREATURE

In the shadowed realm where demons weave their plight,
Through fears and doubts, they whisper in the night.
With cunning guile, they sow the seeds of woe,
Each treacherous step, a dark and twisted flow.

From fear's cold grip to jealousy's cruel stare,
They lure the soul with whispers of despair.
Greed's golden lure, a tantalizing spark,
Temptations weave, entwined within the dark.

Lust's fiery blaze, a beckoning abyss,
They fan the flames, igniting with a hiss.
Pride's lofty throne, they set in minds afire,
Fostering conceit, inflamed with false desire.

Through hatred's storm and doubts that cloud the way,
They sculpt the path, where shadows hold their sway.
'Tis anger's crown, the ultimate display,
Wrought by the demons in their dark ballet.

Yet in this clash where virtues stand their ground,
Hope's radiant light, in purest form is found.
For in the heart, where faith and love reside,
Defiance blooms, where goodness stands as guide.

Though demons strive with craft and cunning art,
Within the soul, a flame shall never depart.
For virtues true, like steadfast, gleaming stars,
Outshine the darkness, banishing the scars.

8. JUDGMENT

In Zion's fields, where shadows softly fall,
Ezekiel's voice, a shepherd's solemn call.
A tale of herders, heed the prophet's lore,

The fat sheep thrive, the lean ones yearn for more.
In God's vast pasture, justice shall enthrall.
In Zion's fields, where shadows softly fall.

The covenant blooms, a promise to restore,
Mountains echo echoes of a celestial score.
A righteous shepherd, fate's twisting hall,
In Zion's fields, where shadows softly fall.

Meadows adorned with grace forevermore,
The lost, the wounded, in God's mercy pour.
A shepherd's care, an eternal encore,
In Zion's fields, where shadows softly fall.

Hark, herders, to the divine shepherd's call,
In symphony, love's banner shall install.
In Zion's fields, where shadows softly fall,
A shepherd's grace, a tale for all.

9. DIVINE DIALOGUES

In scrolls so sacred, stories spun,
Genesis' grace, God's rising sun.
From dust to dawn, divine decree,
Breathed life, a gift for you and me.

Isaiah's ink, an orb's embrace,
A circle's dance, in cosmic grace.
Above, enthroned, the Lord on high,
A celestial canvas in the sky.

Paul proclaims a unity sweet,
In Christ, our chorus, hearts will beat.
No bonds by birth, no status known,
In Christ alone, our cornerstone.

Free will granted, choice in hand,
To serve the Sovereign, understand.
Life's precious gift, a grace untold,
A tale of wonder, ages old.

Moses, on the mountaintop,
Commands engraved, a sacred crop.
Law's tablets, truths secure,
Guiding hearts with words so pure.

Ponder, people, as you read,
The ancient verses, planted seed.
In alliteration's artful dance,
Sacred stories, forever enhance.

10. NOT ASHAMED

In shadows deep, where courage weaves,
A call to hearts, where fear recedes.
A voice that echoes through the night,
"Do not be ashamed, let faith alight."

In letters etched, on pages scrolled,
Paul's wisdom shared, a tale unfolds.
A tale of boldness, unwavering flame,
To carry His name, unburdened by shame.

"I am not ashamed," the apostle declares,
The gospel's power, a truth that flares.
In lands unknown, and prisons cold,
The story of Christ, forever bold.

"Do not be silent," the message rings,
A call to action, the Savior it brings.
In testimony, let your voice resound,
For in His grace, true strength is found.

Timothy heeds, with courage embraced,
No shame in suffering, no truth effaced.
Through trials faced, and prisons endured,
The gospel's essence forever assured.

In shadows deep, where faith may sway,
Let this anthem guide through night and day.
For in the echoes of Paul's refrain,
A call to courage, to boldly sustain.

No shame to bear, no fear to bide,
In Christ's embrace, our hearts confide.
So let the world hear the story unfold,
A poem of faith, in echoes bold.

11. THE LAST WILL BE FIRST

In twilight's grasp, the covenant unfolds,
A noble mantle draped, its tale untold.
The break of dawn, a herald's trumpet blast,
Foretells the rise of Christ, shadows cast.

In shifting currents, destiny takes its flight,
Vanguard to rearguard, day turns to night.
Morphing forms, a dance of humble grace,
As the meek ascend, in God's chosen space.

The tapestry of time, intricately spun,
By hands unseen, the work is never done.
In King James echoes, ancient words declare,
The last shall be first, in celestial air.

A covenant's embrace, a promise in the wind,
Where humility reigns, and souls are thinned.
Behold the scripture, woven in Mathews flow,
A poetic dance of truths, in rhythmic glow.

12. PROPHECY

In Daniel's dreams, a sacred scroll unfurls,
Seventy weeks, a symphony of worlds.
Jerusalem's redemption, a divine decree,
A prophecy foretells, salvation's key.

Streets and trench, in troubled years,
A city reborn, through prayers and tears.
Count the weeks, each a sacred vow,
Leading to the Cross, where hope endows.

The Anointed One, in sixty-nine,
A Savior's journey, a love divine.
In death's shadow, the Lamb was led,
Yet, from the tomb, He rose instead.

A ruler's people, in worldly strife,
Dealt destruction to the Holy life.
War's flood echoed, yet in the debris,
Resurrection's promise, eternally.

Anoint the Holy, in grace's flow,
A Redeemer's love, a sacred glow.
Symbols entwined, in faith's soft light,
A Christian tale, in salvation's might.

13. SACRED WARNING

In realms of ancient parchment, inked with sage,
A parable unfolds on history's page.
Jude, the scribe, pens verses grave,
A tale of Sodom's fall, its soul to save.

Behold the cities, Sodom and Gomorrah's plight,
Lost in the shadows of the sinful night.
Strange flesh they sought, desires untamed,
Eternal fire, in judgment, they were named.

As echoes of those verses slowly rise,
A cautionary breeze 'neath ancient skies.
A warning etched in tales of yore,
Of paths that lead to a distant shore.

Dreamers they were, in folly deep,
Defiling flesh in shadows' sweep.
Rejecting authority, they dared defy,
Speaking ill of dignities high.

Let these verses be a lantern's glow,
Guiding hearts away from shadows' throw.
For in defiance of virtue's call,
Lies the perilous descent, the eternal fall.

So may we heed, as stars do gleam,
Jude's metaphor, a timeless stream.
Choosing paths where virtues bloom,
In the garden of love, dispelling gloom.

14. UNITY IN CHRIST

In Christ, we find a river's flow,
A boundless faith in which we grow.
No Gentile, Jew, distinctions blur,
United in a grace that will endure.

Baptized, we wear a robe divine,
A seamless garment, love's design.
No chains, for freedom's wings we've won,
In Christ, distinctions come undone.

Like colors blended on a canvas vast,
Slave or free, in Christ, we're cast.
A symphony where no note is apart,
A masterpiece of love, a work of art.

In Christ, no lines of gender drawn,
A tapestry where all belong.
No small or great, no hierarchy,
A kingdom of love, a jubilee.

As stars that twinkle in the night,
Heirs to the promise, bathed in light.
In unity, we find our stance,
A family, blessed by God's advance.

15. A POEM ACCORDING TO MARK

In the hush of dawn, a tale unfolds,
A Gospel story, in sacred scrolls.
Mark, the pen of faith, in quiet ink,
Writes of a Savior, whose love does link.

No cradle's whisper in Bethlehem's ear,
Yet Christ, the King, draws ever near.
In actions bold, on Galilee's shore,
A humble carpenter, our souls restore.

No lineage traced, no royal decree,
Yet Mark unveils divinity.
A Servant-King with a heart so true,
In every parable, grace shines through.

Oh, Gospel of Mark, a journey divine,
A narrative where love intertwines.
In miracles and wonders, Christ revealed,
In every page, God's mercy sealed.

The Messianic secret, a sacred song,
In silence, the Savior's love prolongs.
A Lamb of God, with grace unfurled,
Mark's Gospel echoes to all the world.

No cradle's warmth, yet on a tree,
The Lamb of God sets sinners free.
In suffering's shadow, redemption's call,
Atonement whispers, salvation for all.

The canvas ends with an empty tomb,
A risen Lord dispels the gloom.
Oh, Mark, your Gospel, a hymn of grace,
A timeless echo, an eternal embrace.

In Christ, the Son, our souls find rest,
In Mark's Gospel, we are truly blessed.
For every word penned, every verse proclaimed,
Points to the Lamb, in glory named.

16. THE CHRIST

Beneath the veil of heaven's grand design,
A tale unfolds, a narrative divine.
In ancient lands, where olives softly weep,
A Savior rises from eternal sleep.

Born 'neath Bethlehem's starry gaze,
In humble manger, a King's embrace.
A carpenter's son, yet more than he seems,
In dusty sandals, walk celestial dreams.

Through Galilee's hills and Jordan's flow,
A Teacher's wisdom begins to grow.
Miracles bloom where His footsteps trod,
Healing the sick, proclaiming love of God.

In the garden of Gethsemane's embrace,
Silent prayers mark a destined pace.
Bitter betrayal, a kiss so cold,
Yet from this darkness, salvation is told.

Upon a hill, where crosses stand tall,
A Lamb of God, the Savior's fall.
Crimson redemption in a sky so gray,
Forgiveness whispers from Golgotha's clay.

Sealed in a tomb, silence holds sway,
But dawn arises on the third-day.
The stone rolls away, triumphant and bright,
From death's dark clutch, emerges the Light.

Oh, grace abounding, mercy untold,
A risen Savior, His love unfolds.
Eternal promise in each sunrise,
Redemption's anthem, a sacred prize.

In the echo of hymns, in the chapel's embrace,
 Resounds the story of amazing grace.
From the sacred pages, the Gospel unfolds,
 A Christian poem, where salvation molds.

17. PRINCIPALITIES

In realms unseen, where shadows play,
A battle wages, night and day.
Not flesh and blood, but spirits contend,
Against the dark, our souls to defend.

"Be strong," cries Paul, his words unfold,
In the Lord's might, our strength to hold.
The armor donned, a sacred attire,
To face the foe, resist the mire.

With truth, a belt around us wound,
In righteousness, our breastplate found.
The gospel's peace, our feet shall guide,
Through trials and storms, side by side.

A shield of faith, against the fiery rain,
Quenching the arrows, vanquishing the pain.
The helmet snug, salvation's embrace,
Guarding our thoughts with divine grace.

A sword unsheathed, the Spirit's word,
In pages writ, a truth unheard.
To pierce the dark, dispel the night,
An instrument of heavenly light.

In prayer we stand, unyielding and tall,
Before the throne, we humbly call.
With perseverance, our voices rise,
For all the saints, beneath the skies.

So stand we firm on this hallowed ground,
In the armor clad, a chorus resound.
Against the foe, we shall not yield,
For in God's strength, our victory sealed.

18. DIVINE JUDGMENT

In the Kingdom's keen and kingly light,
The Son of Man in sovereign might,
Sits on the throne, His glory told,
Separates sheep and goats, as stories unfold.

On His right, the righteous stand,
Blessed by the Father, a divine command.
Kindly offered an inheritance rare,
Prepared since creation with love to share.

"I was hungry," the Savior declares,
"You fed Me with compassion, unawares.
Thirsty, and you quenched My need,
Your kindness, a worthy seed.

A stranger, and you welcomed Me in,
Your hospitality, free from sin.
Naked, and you clothed Me with grace,
In your acts of love, you found your place.

I was sick, and you cared with might,
Visited Me in the darkest night.
In prison, you brought Me light,
Your deeds reflecting a love so bright.

The righteous wonder, when did we see?
You, Lord, in need, so humbly.
The King replies with words divine,
"In serving others, My light did shine.

To the left, the goats dismayed,
Cursed and in darkness laid.
"I was hungry," the Judge decrees,
Yet no kindness, only neglect it sees.

Thirsty, stranger, and in despair,
No warmth of love, no mercy to share.
Naked, sick, imprisoned alone,
No compassion, no seeds sown.

They ask, "Lord, when did we ignore?"
The least of these, no mercy did we pour.
The King responds with solemn voice,
"In neglecting them, you made your choice.

Eternal punishment, a solemn fate,
For those who closed compassion's gate.
But the righteous, to life sublime,
In love and mercy, an endless climb.

19. JESUS CAME TO SAVE SINNERS

In shadows deep where sins hold sway,
A sinner lost, led far astray.
Yet Christ, in mercy's sweet embrace,
Bore my burdens, took my place.

A faithful saying, truth untold,
Chief among sinners, I unfold.
But grace descends, a balm divine,
In me, His patience brightly shine.

For in this heart, once stained with shame,
A pattern formed, a Savior's aim.
His love displayed, a beacon clear,
To those who trust, hold Him near.

Oh, wondrous mercy, vast and wide,
In Christ's embrace, we find our guide.
A journey marked by love's refrain,
Eternal life, in Him, we gain.

So let the echoes of His grace,
Resound in every time and space.
For sinners, lost, He came to call,
To repentance's sweetest thrall.

In Christ alone, our hope, our song,
The sinner's plea, where we belong.
For through His love, forever seen,
In Him, we find redemption's sheen.

20. TESTIMONIUM FLAVIANUM

In the ages past, where tales unfold like ancient tapestries,
A saga of wisdom in a man, a teacher of divine mysteries.
Wonders vast adorned his days, drawing hearts in God's grand plan,
Not a mere mortal, but Christ's own call, foretold by prophets' span.

The Roman's hand, with a decree so cruel, in a dark suggestion cold,
Yet those who loved, their faith believed, their story in scrolls retold.
On the third day, the stone was rolled, the tomb's captive breath set free,
A risen Lord, dispelling death, in every echo, life's grand decree.

Followers, in shadows' grasp, stood firm when fear threatened to part,
The risen Christ, a radiant light, kindling love in every heart.
Prophetic whispers, centuries old, woven in this grand tapestry,
A Christ, a cross, a rising hope, the Christian's enduring legacy.

In the echoes of ancient prophets, in verses that age has not erased,
Testimonium's voice resonates, the story of Christ, firmly embraced.
Divinity flows through every line, a river of faith's continuity,
In this poetic dance, the tale unfolds, a hymn to Christ's eternity.

21. SAVED BY GRACE

In grace we find salvation's sweet embrace,
A gift from God, bestowed on us with grace.
For by His mercy, not by works we boast,
Ephesians 2:8-9, in faith we hold the most.

"By grace alone," the sacred words proclaim,
Through faith, our hearts are kindled with His flame.
No deeds of ours can earn this gift divine,
But through His love, in Christ, we brightly shine.

Not by our striving or our righteous will,
But through the cross, our souls find solace still.
In Christ alone, our hope and strength arise,
Our debt erased, our spirits reach the skies.

For grace, unmerited, bestowed with care,
A precious gift, beyond compare.
No room for pride, no room for self-pretense,
By faith alone, we find our recompense.

Let grateful hearts resound with joyful praise,
For in His love, our sins He did erase.
Ephesians 2:8-9, the anthem of our soul,
In Christ, our Savior, we are finally whole.

22. RESPECT THE PROPHETS

In the assembly of the faithful, a sacred scene,
Paul, with deep respect, honors what has been.
Voices of prophets, from ages untold,
A connection between stories, a tale to be extolled.

Order prevails, no chaos in the air,
Prophetic insights, a wisdom to share.
Guided by a guiding light, their role so clear,
Acknowledging prophets, their legacy dear.

The New Testament unfolds with quill and ink,
Yet prophets' echoes, in every line, link.
In subtle verses, a nod to the past,
Prophets chosen by God, their shadows cast.

Teachings anew, perspectives unfold,
Yet prophets' authority, steadfast and bold.
In the grand scheme of salvation's plan,
Old and New Testament, united they stand.

Paul, a herald in this divine decree,
Respects the prophets, a profound key.
A timeless bridge between old and new,
In the symphony of faith, a harmonious cue.

23. SALVATION IN CHRIST

In the silence of eternity, a tale unfolds,
Love's story in the stars, a narrative of old.
For God's love, a melody, sweet and grand,
Echoes through time, a gift for every land.

A selfless act, a Son's descent,
Salvation's key in Jesus, omnipotent.
Declare with your heart, let your voice sing,
In the resurrection, salvation takes wing.

One God, one mediator, a bridge He laid,
Christ, the ransom for sins, a debt He paid.
Ephesians whispers of grace, not by our might,
But a gift from above, a celestial light.

A tale of mercy in Titus unfolds,
Rebirth and renewal, a story retold.
Through Spirit's pour, through Christ, we're heirs,
Justified by grace, burdens He bears.

In the heartbeat of love, John unfolds,
A sacrifice divine, a love story foretold.
That through Him, we live, boundless and free,
Atoning sacrifice for sins, on Calvary's tree.

In the shadows of sin, a demonstration,
Christ's death, the divine proclamation.
In our rebellion, in our darkest strife,
He died for us, the essence of life.

So in this symphony, love's composition,
Grace's notes, a divine exhibition.
A narrative untold, a testament divine,
Through Christ, in love, eternally we shine.

24. THE BLESSING OF ONESIPHORUS

In Ephesus' ancient breeze, where shadows dance,
A friend emerged, in a divine romance.
Onesiphorus, a beacon in the night,
Refreshed my spirit with grace so bright.

Chains that bound my weary soul,
Were eased by kindness, making me whole.
In Rome's vast city, where hope seemed lost,
He sought me out, no matter the cost.

Through winding alleys and crowded streets,
His relentless search, a heart that beats.
Not ashamed of chains that marked my fate,
He embraced the call, love conquering hate.

"May mercy be upon his household," I pray,
For in my darkest hour, he showed the way.
On that day of judgment, when all is laid bare,
May the Lord's mercy embrace him with care.

In Ephesus, his deeds were a sacred hymn,
A melody of love, sung on a whim.
Oh, how many ways he lent a helping hand,
A friend, a brother, in that ancient land.

So let this tale be etched in sacred lore,
Of Onesiphorus, who, my burden bore.
May we too, in kindness, unashamed,
Embrace the chains, love's victory proclaimed.

25. CHILDREN OF THE LIE

In a world where shadows dance, and darkness creeps,
The wrath of God unveils, as truth silently weeps.
From heaven, His anger flows, against the godless tide,
A tale of wickedness and hearts that try to hide.

For God, in His wisdom, made plain the truth to see,
In creation's symphony, His eternal power free.
Yet, in the hearts of mortals, shadows start to grow,
Suppressing truth with wickedness, a bitter undertow.

Though they knew God, His glory left untold,
Their hearts grew dark, in futile thinking, they strolled.
Claiming wisdom, they became fools instead,
Exchanging immortal glory for idols made of lead.

Images of humans, birds, animals, and more,
Replacing the Creator, their hearts began to adore.
The truth was bartered for a comfortable lie,
Worshiping creation, under the eternal sky.

In the chambers of desire, their hearts took flight,
God gave them over to passions, dark as night.
A dance of lust, a twisted, shameful spree,
Exchanging natural bonds for unnatural glee.

In the tangled web of sin, they became ensnared,
The due penalty within themselves declared.
A mind depraved, in its confusion spins,
Doing what should not be done, as the darkness begins.

Filled with every wickedness, a heart gone astray,
Evil, greed, and depravity in shadows lay.
Envy, murder, strife, deceit, and malice bind,
A world lost, in gossip, slander, and ill will confined.

God-haters, insolent, arrogant, and proud,
Inventing ways of evil, disobedient and loud.
Understanding lost, fidelity, love, and mercy gone,
In the echoes of their choices, a sad, relentless song.

Knowing God's decree, righteous and just,
Yet they persist, in rebellion and distrust.
Deserving death, the path they still embrace,
Approving those who walk in darkness' grace.

Yet, in this narrative, a glimmer of light,
A call to turn from darkness, to seek the true sight.
For in the wrath of God, a plea is heard,
A call to repentance, in every written word.

So let the shadows retreat, let the light draw near,
In the unfolding story, redemption is clear.
For even in the darkest night, God's mercy shines,
A chance for repentance, as love intertwines.

26. IMMORTALITY IN CHRIST

In Bethany's shadow, a tale unfolds,
A story of faith, where grace gently molds.
Four days in the tomb, despair draped in gloom,
Yet hope stirred, a divine plan would resume.

Martha, grieving, met Jesus on the way,
Her heart heavy, words in sorrow did convey.
"If You had been here," she tearfully cried,
"My brother would live, no death by his side."

But even in sorrow, a glimmer of trust,
For Martha believed, in God's will, she must.
"I know," she declared, with a trembling voice,
"Whatever You ask, God shall grant, by His choice."

Jesus, compassion in His gaze so deep,
Declared words of comfort, a promise to keep.
"Your brother shall rise," His assurance rings,
In the resurrection, the joy it brings.

Yet Martha perceived in a distant day,
When the last trumpet calls, in a grand display.
"I believe," she affirmed, in faith she stood,
In the resurrection, the ultimate good.

But Jesus proclaimed, "I am life's resurrection,
Believe in Me, a divine connection.
Though mortal bodies may face death's cold sting,
In Me, eternal life, a gift I bring."

"I am the life," Jesus continued to say,
"Who believes in Me shall never decay.
Even in death, they shall truly live,
An eternal promise, My grace shall give."

Martha, pondering on His profound decree,
Responded, "Yes, Lord, I believe in Thee.
You are the Christ, the Son of God so divine,
In Your presence, hope and faith entwine."

In these verses, a lesson we find,
Of faith unyielding, in the Savior aligned.
For in Christ's promise, our hope is secure,
In His resurrection, love will endure.

27. POWER OF LOVE

In love sincere, devoid of false disguise,
Abhor what's evil, to goodness arise.
Kindly affection, brotherly love so true,
Honor others, in all that you pursue.

Diligent hearts, fervent spirits ignite,
In service to the Lord, with undying light.
Rejoicing in hope, patience in strife,
Steadfast in prayer, the essence of life.

Give to the needs of the saints with care,
Hospitality, a gift beyond compare.
Bless those who persecute, let love endure,
Rejoice and weep, compassion's allure.

A unity of minds, humility embrace,
Avoid high things, with the humble find grace.
Repay not evil, let goodness prevail,
In the sight of all, let your virtues unveil.

Live peaceably, as far as you can,
Vengeance is God's, in His righteous plan.
Feed your enemy, quench their thirst,
Heap coals of kindness, let grace be dispersed.

Overcome evil, with goodness overcome,
Let love be the anthem, the victory won.
For in these virtues, Christ's light shall shine,
A living testament, in deeds divine.

28. FOUNDATIONS IN CHRIST

In the vineyard of faith, Paul and Apollos tread,
Ministers of belief, where Christ's message is spread.
Paul planted the seeds, Apollos watered with care,
Yet God's hand brings increase, a divine affair.

Not the planter or the waterer claims the acclaim,
But God who bestows growth, in His holy name.
Together they toil, united as one,
Each receiving a reward for the labor they've done.

God's fellow workers, in the field we stand,
His building, His temple, fashioned by His hand.
A wise master builder, Paul laid the foundation,
Jesus Christ, the rock, the core of salvation.

Take heed, O builders, in the work you pursue,
For the foundation is Christ, ever true.
With gold, silver, precious stones, or wood and straw,
The Day will reveal each deed's holy law.

The fire shall test, its discerning gaze,
Gold enduring, straw consumed in the blaze.
If the work stands, a reward shall unfold,
Yet if it falters, the builder's tale is told.

A temple of God, each believer is named,
The Spirit within, the divine flame.
Defile not this temple, in holiness reside,
For God's wrath awaits, if purity's denied.

Holy is the temple, where God's glory dwells,
A sanctuary for the Spirit, where love swells.
Saved through the fire, if the work's amiss,
In Christ's redemption, find eternal bliss.

INDEPENDENTLY PUBLISHED
COPYRIGHT © 2024 IPGS PUBLISHING
FIRST EDITION